A PROPHESIE,

Which hath been in a Manuſcript,

IN THE

Lord Powis's Family Sixty Years.

About the time that 1 ſhall be Joyned unto 2 times 3. } 1647.
And 4 times 10 with 4 times 2 Amongſt us ſhall be great ado. } 1648.
An Eagles Head that time ſhall fall,
Scattered will be the young ones all.

Then ſhall a Cypher ſwell ſo great, } *Oliver Cromwel.*
His Name 100 takes the Seat,
And ſhall do mighty things before
He is removed off the Shore.
But 10 times 4 with 8 times 6, } 1658.
Doth in another World him fix.

Then quickly after you ſhall ſpy,
The Eagle back again to fly,
And ſhall himſelf bedeck again,
With Feathers of his Fathers Train.
Then heavy Times ſhall make men ſay,
Oft-times alas and welladay,
And wiſh that they a Death might find,
For ſomthing troubles ſore their Mind.
Then after all a Cloud ſhall come,
And almoſt darken quite the Sun.
And in that time Actions ſhall be
Chiefly carried on by three.
The Croſs, the Surpliſe, and the Crown,
Strive who ſhall put each other down.
Great Treachery and Bloodſhed then
Shall ſweep away great ſtore of Men.

The Lion and blue Flower ſhall ſeek
Quite to deſtroy the Heretick Sheep.
And *England* ſhall be hard beſtead,
Before the Miter hence be rid.
Falſe *Ireland* contrives our woe,
But zealous *Scotland* doth not ſo.

Begin again at 1 and 6, } 1677
And 10 times 7 begins theſe Tricks.

And for a time ſhall laſt full ſore, } 1681.
Till you may number 1 and 4.

And for 4 more it ſhall abate, } 1685.
To return in an happy ſtate.

Then better every day will be,
But no more——in *England* ſee.

When 8 times 8 and 3 times 3, } 1680.
With 6 and 1 ſhall joyned be,
Then ſhall be ſacrificed *C.*
In duſt ſhall lye that arrant Whore, }
Diſdain'd of all like to *J—S—* }
And all her Brats turn'd out of dore. }
J. R. ſhall into Saddle ſlide, }
And furiouſly to *Rome* ſhall ride, }
His Principles no longer hide.
The Pope ſhall have a fatal Fall, }
And never trouble more *Whitehall*, }
Nor *England*'s People more inthrall. }
And he that chanceth to ſurvive, }
Until the year of eighty five, }
Shall ſee this Land begin to thrive. }

O *England*'s wonder, which hath never been,
3 Q——in *England* ſhortly ſhall be ſeen!
2 D——ſhall highly for the Crown contend,
Each ſhall bring *England*'s Monarchy to end.
B——ſhall fall into contempt and ſcorn,
And Goſpel-Angels ſhall our Church adorn.
If any ask, how this ſhall come to paſs,
The Fox ſhall ride the Gooſe, the Gooſe the Aſs.

FINIS.

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IN THE

Lord Powis's Family Sixty Years.

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Rec. Rec. - Stanhill. 38/8 Mar. 20, 1980